Miſ. For. Go get you in. Well ſir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I ſhall ſerue you ſuch a trick,
You ſhall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue deſired to ſee,
Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh,
I would thy husband were dead.

Miſ. For. Why how then ſir *Iohn?*

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Miſ. For. Alas ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſhould be a verie ſimple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I ſee how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ſhip tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I ſee it. (better.

Miſ. For. A plaine kercher ſir *Iohn*, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to ſaie ſo:
What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee
Ther's ſomewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:
Miſtris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of theſe fellowes that ſmels like Bucklers-berie,
In ſimple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.

Miſ. For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue miſteris

Fal. I thou mighteſt as well ſaie (*Page.*
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter